and won't take any position until it is restored."

Right there and then Wall Street buried Charles M. Schwab. He had taken the big slide down and out. Next!

Schwab is quick to see, quick to decide. He thinks and acts like chain lightning. Nothing daunts him. One who knows him says that if Schwab were asked to reorganize Russia or merge the South American republics, he would cheerily respond:

"Yes, that's a good idea; I'll attend to it next week."

This man simply refused to stay down. Nothing much was heard of him for a year or so after he "resigned" from the Steel Trust. He was recuperating, getting back his health. He had previously built a gorgeous, expensive, flashy mansion on Riverside Drive, New York City. That mansion was closed and has been kept closed. It was announced that he would move to South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the works are. And he did, about ten years ago. From a mansion in the greatest city, to a little out-of-the-way Pennsylvania town!

For something more than ten years Schwab had done nothing but work. Not long ago he talked to the Easton Board of Trade. He told them that practically all the money he had was in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and that he had never taken out a penny in personal fees, expenses, or dividends.

He owned most of the stock, but he refused to pay dividends. He paid large wages and enormous bonuses to the young men who helped him. If he heard of a big contract in Russia or Chile or anywhere else, he went for it himself. Slowly he extended the small concern's operations until it became a big corporation. He did not borrow much money, because there were no dividends to pay and the company could use its earnings to expand. Gradually other steel and shipbuilding plants were bought in, without excitement or stock-market exploitation.

Few people in Wall Street noticed what Schwab was doing. He said nothing—merely worked like a slave year after year. He let the stock market alone. He did not care what the stock was selling at, as long as he could build new furnaces and land new contracts. Two or three years ago people began to notice that Schwab was earning almost as much with his "little" company as he had with the Carnegie Steel Company years before. But, even then, cynical Wall Street would not believe what it saw. It just refused to look at the figures, because Schwab had had his day. Men *never* come back—of course not.

When the war started, Schwab went straight to Lord Kitchener. He spent a week or more with the War Secretary, and came back to America with the biggest war order the world had ever known. Now every steel-mill owner and promoter wants to sell out to Schwab.

There is such a thing as coming back.

Her Trial Marriage

By GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

Author of "The Girl Who Was Afraid to Get Married"

Illustrqtions by Frank Tenney Johnson

THE man on the bed lay with eyes closed, his great arms flung up on the pillow above his head, a locked circle for framing that grim countenance of his. He had not slept at all; now dawn was whitening outside the windows.

Nearly a year before, Lund had swept Alyson Innes from her Eastern setting, bringing her to this wild, mountain-rimmed nest where his mine was, on the rock-bound Pacific coast below Carmel, below Monterey, caring no whit what ties or obligations he took her away from. Among the symbols of these obligations, the name of Stanley Wace led all the rest—old Burian Wace's son, a boy with whom Alyson had gone to the same kindergarten in Philadelphia, and played at sweethearts.

Nothing counted—even the obstacles met in Alyson herself. Being a cave man, Kortney Lund was inevitably fascinated by the most modern type of girl—which is also the most ancient: dark, mysterious, elusive. And he had let her talk Strindberg, Sudermann, Tolstoy, Meredith, and vapor to him about a twelve-month time marriage. He would have offered no resistance to any heresy, however monstrous, that did not keep her from his arms. Once there, he would hold fast his own. He never answered her—instead he married her.

The bungalow was built in a wonderful spot, a little fold in the hills fronting the blue water and the bluer sky, with a brush-covered, almost impassable barrier. A single road led to their isolation, dallying down the coast, lightly skirting miles of cliff below which the surf was loud on sharp-toothed black rocks.

With water and power from the stream at the mine he had given their home the equipment of a city flat, and had put old Tang Foo in the kitchen to make stolid use of the miracles in his marvelous cooking.

They were shut away together there through the enchanted growing weeks of spring; the months of blazing sun, tranced sky and sea, dim days of fog; the long dry season, with its pungent odors, tingling heat, and dusty trails; and through the winter storms that bellowed on the coast.

HAD this year shown Alyson that love like theirs was not for a day or a twelve-month, but for all time? He did not bring up the question—that had never been his way. He would act. It was his course of action that had brought him to a sleepless night. For the Goth was at his gates; the Vandal hammered on his temple door. The year was up—the "other man" had arrived as a house guest!

Conscious of late of a definite nervous tremor beneath Alyson's calm, seeing her easily wearied, her speech with an edge, her silence holding an alien quality, noting that she had taken up the ominous practice of long, lonely walks, Lund had communed with himself, and brought forth the suggestion that she break the monotony by a trip to town.

"With you?" There was a flicker of interest in her eyes.

"Well, no, honey," he had hesitated. "I couldn't leave just now. I'm working double tides to get the mine in such shape that I'll be free at the end of the year."

The phrase was routine business; but Alyson looked at him as if she expected him to say more—to explain. Instead he modified his proposition by adding:

"If you don't care for going up to town, why not have some one here to visit you?"

She surveyed him with a gaze unreadable, studying him from behind a mysterious feminine barrier.

"Well," slowly and reasonably, "since you suggest it—Stanley Wace is on the coast, painting. Perhaps he would like—the scenery down here. Shall I ask him?"

It was a challenge; and Lund had never, since he was breeched, skulked one.

"Sure," he said heartily. "Have him down, if you like."

SO the Philadelphian had come. Lund saw him for the first time with alert interest, and found him rather a magnificent creature, correct in the technique of civilization, lavishing his immaculate flannels and white tennis shoes on the Californian dust. His nickname for Alyson—"Lys"—irritated Lund. He sketched because Alyson made him, and before the week was out had shown himself a dub at everything he did. He painted badly, rode no better, sang and played upon several instruments with deadly mediocrity, had a child's idea of practical affairs, and a bad temper. In their long desultory talks he and his hostess discussed a world to which Lund was an outsider. But with this Lund found no fault. At such times he betook him to a pipe and his technical magazines, and neither watched nor refrained from watching them.

Lying there on his bed, Lund tried hard for a moment to understand what it was that went on beneath the surface of things yesterday evening, as Wace and Alyson talked jokingly about a proposed picnic to a little hut on the mountain opposite the ranch. This sickly joke was worked overtime, nursed along all evening, fed at the dinner-table, and Alyson and Wace were still whispering and nodding together when he left them at twelve o'clock and came upstairs to bed.

They were not so long after him; yet—that silence when they parted at the stair-head had shouted things intolerable. Then Wace went on to the sleeping-porch. Alyson entered the chamber that adjoined his own; and directly came the soft rasp of a key in the door between their rooms. It was like a hypodermic of infernal fire shot into his veins. He had stared in the dark toward those panels till the dawning light showed them to him.

As he looked the lock clicked, the knob was softly turned, the door inched a bit open, and Alyson's dark head appeared. He felt her gaze studying him. Through narrowed lids he saw her come forward step by step, peering at him, a kimono drawn over her nightgown. His constraint suddenly snapped.

"Alyson!" he whispered, starting up.

"Oh—Kort!" She let go the door, and it swung to. She glanced about her, then whirled to the bureau.

"Kort," her voice blundered on the name. "I thought I wanted—one of those headache tablets. Are they here?"

"Why, yes," blankly. "On the bureau, there. Help yourself."

Lund dropped back on his pillow and lay looking at her as she searched for the box. After this day, but one more remained of what he had permitted her monstrously to call their one-year marriage. What did she feel—what did she intend? But he was done waiting for her—for her and Wace—to make the first move. With a sudden plunge he heaved himself out of bed. She spun round where she stood.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Aren't they there? Look in the top drawer."

Her gaze never left him as she groped a moment uncertainly for the drawer-handle; then she burst out, as if against her own volition:

"What is it, Kort? What are you going to do?"

He made no immediate answer as he sat there on the edge of his bed, his head dropped a bit, staring at her—a look she had never seen, the front he took into battle in a man's world.

"Well?" just above her breath. "What?"

HE put his feet into the waiting bedside slippers and tramped over to the closet, where he began to drag out puttees, riding-breeches, a flannel shirt—wear that had seen much service.

"You and I,"—the words dropped sharply, one by one,—"you and I are starting out for a prospecting trip this morning."

She drew back, laughing faintly.

"And Stan? I don't think he'd care for prospecting."

"Probably not." He spoke over his shoulder, climbing into his riding-breeches. "It doesn't matter. He's not going."

"Just you and me—alone?" Alyson's voice had a curious tension.

"Just you and me, alone," her husband answered her with finality.

"But—we can't. What will Stan think?"

"Whatever he pleases."

Sitting down solidly on his bed, he took up the telephone from the stand. "You'll have to be quick, now. Wear the stoutest, oldest duds you've got. This is the trip you've been begging me to take you on for nearly a year—nearly a year," he repeated, looking squarely at her.

Alyson stared back at him.

"You're very sure I'm going—aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, with a plain effort to speak unconcernedly, "if we should decide to go, we'd have to ring up the sleeping-porch and explain to Stan. He's never awake before noon, unless he is called."

Lund's only reply to this was a look. He had got Tang Foo on the house telephone, and now began giving his orders, short, sharp, exact: breakfast ready at once; the saddling of his and Alyson's horse; the pack-mule, with camping outfit and provisions for two days. That last item brought her to his side, a hand upon his arm, shaking it.

"Kort—you'll have to call Stan now. If we're going to stay two days—"

This was the first actual notice of her capitulation. Lund glanced up swiftly, and visibly restrained himself from touching her, from offering any acknowledgment, only remarking:

"Why bother him? He'll find out about it when he gets up. Do go and get ready."

She surveyed him long—and got nothing from the survey. She caught her breath to speak; she even parted her lips, but closed them again; then she flung round suddenly and ran into her own room, whence came back to him the sounds of her pulling things about and dressing in haste. She appeared at the door, fully equipped, at the same instant that Tang Foo's bell announced coffee. She carried a folded note in her hand, and laid it beside her plate at table. Lund could see Wace's name written on the white square. In diligent silence Tang Foo served the unseasonable meal. They came out from it to find the saddled horses and the pack-mule in the patio, Lorenzo, the Spanish boy, still rubbing his eyes sleepily, yet going over knot and hitch to see that all was secure.

Alyson watched everything without a word. She let Lund put her up on her horse. But, just short of the gate, she drew rein and spoke, with a quick breath:

"Kort, which way are we going?"

"Depends on where you want to prospect."

"I didn't want to prospect at all—this morning—did I?"

Lund shrugged.

"Well, we'll get through the gate, anyhow"; and, driving the pack-mule, he led the way.

ALYSON made no more queries. From time to time she glanced forward at her husband's back, obstinate, formidable, then at the mountain opposite, then cautiously back toward the bungalow, where old Tang Foo droned a Chinese song as he cleared the table, Lorenzo pottered at making the patio neat after them, and Wace slumbered on the sleeping-porch.

Lund himself did not look back. Even when they took a trail that left the highway with some pretense of being a road, where they might have ridden abreast, he still continued to lead, and the trail soon got discouraged, declining again into a